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1 • THE GHOST OF POMPEY.

FROM perfect and unclouded day,
From joys complete, without alloy,
And from a spring, without decay,

I come, by Cynthia's borrow'd beams,
To visit my Cornelia's dreams,
And give them still sublimer themes.

I am the man you lov'd before;
These streams have wash'd away my gore,
And POMPEY, now, shall bleed no more;

Nor shall my vengeance be withstood,
Nor unattended with a flood
Of Roman, and Egyptian blood.

CÆSAR himself it shall pursue;
His days shall troubled be, and few,
And he shall fall...by treason too.

He, by a justice all divine,
Shall fall a victim at my shrine,
As I was his...he shall be mine.

Thy stormy life regret no more,
For fate shall waft thee soon ashore,
And to thy POMPEY thee restore,

When guilty heads no crown shall wear,
Nor my CORNELIA drop a tear,
Nor CÆSAR be dictator there.

Tout Femme ressemble a la chaste Diane,
Approuvant en secret, dit on,
Ce qu'en public elle condamne;
Sa bisarre vertu sur le pauvre Acteon,
Se venge d'un regard profane,
Et vaseduire Endymion.

N.B. A translation not requested.

• divine *Amitié*! ce tems qui nous outrage,
Loin de briser tes nœuds, les serre
chaque jour,

* These lines were written, many years ago, by a Mr. Ballantyne, of Glasgow, and are now remembered, not so much perhaps for their intrinsic merit, as by their having been linked to early and sweet associations. The ideas seem better than the execution, contrary to most of our poetasters, whose workmanship far exceeds the materials. It was set to the tune of Prior's, "In vain you tell your parting lover." It was sung, or rather recited, by the writer in a deep sepulchral voice. Several of the lines still come over the ear, in grand and sweeping tone; and the whole awakens in the mind classical recollections.

Veux-tu donc, a toi seule, avoir cet avantage?
Et ne diras tu point ton secret a l'amour?

THO' pure my hands, and free from guilty stains,
Tho' undissolv'd each social tyè remains;
Altho' no husband mourns his injur'd bed,
Nor pines with grief the violated maid,
Altho' I pay each just return I owe,
And, sympathetic, feel another's woe,
With liberal hand, sustain the needy poor,
And age and sickness, bless my opening door;
Tho' each complaint, each bursting sigh, I hear,
Melt for each want, and pity every tear...
Yet, some dark tenet should I disbelieve,
Or dare to doubt, what I can ne'er conceive,
Still hell's broad paths, erroneous, I have trod,
A foe to virtue, and a foe to God.

S. H.

MRS. F.....'S DELIGHT.

COMPOSED BY HER HUSBAND, T. F.

SOME men they do delight in hounds,
And some in hawks take pleasure,
Some do rejoice in war and wounds,
And thereby gain great treasure.

Some men do love on sea to sail,
And some rejoice in riding,
But all their judgments do them fail,
Oh, no such thing as chiding!

When in the morn I ope my eyes,
To entertain the day,
Before my husband e'en can rise,
I chide him...then I pray.

When I at table take my place,
Whatever be the meat,
I first do chide...and then say grace,
If so dispos'd to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever do complain;
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,
Faults I will find, or feign.

Let it be flesh, or fowl, or fish,
It never shall be said,
But I'll find fault with meat or dish,
With miaster, or with maid.

But when I go to bed at night,
I heartily do weep,

That I must part with my delight,
I cannot scold and sleep.

However this does mitigate,
And much abate my sorrow,
That tho' to-night it be too late,
I'll early scold to-morrow.

TO MISS, WITH SOME FLOWERS.

WE'RE dying lady, take us to thy breast,
Catch our last breath, and make our part-
ing blest,
Blest as expiring saints to whom 'tis given,
On earth to die, but to revive in heaven.

T.

DIRECTIONS FOR A TEA-VASE.

(SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY DR. DARWIN.)

FRIEND Bolton, take these ingots fine,
From rich Potosi's sparkling mine;
With your nice art, a tea-vase mould,
Your art more valued than the gold;
And where proud Radbournæ's turrets rise,
To bright Eliza send the prize.
I'll have no serpents round it hiss
The foaming wave, and seem to kiss.
No naiads weep, no sphinxes stare,
No tail-hung dolphins high in air.
Let wreaths of myrtle round the rim,
And twisting rose-buds form the brim,
Each side let wood-bine stalks descend,
And form the handles as they bend.
While, at the foot, a Cupid stands,
And twines the wreaths with both his hands.
Perch'd, on the rising lid above,
Oh, place a love-lorn turtle-dove,
With hanging wings, and ruffled plume,
And gasping beak, and eye of gloom.
Last, let the swelling basis shine,
With silver white, and burnish fine,
Bright as the font whose banks beside,
Narcissus gaz'd, and lov'd, and died.
Vase!...when Eliza deigns to pour,
With snow-white hand, the boiling show'r,
And sweetly talks, and smiles, and sips,
Thy fragrant stream, with ruby lips,
More charms thy polish'd front shall shew,
Than ever Titian's pencil drew,
More than his chisel soft unfur'd,
Whose heaven-wrought statue charms the world.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

I send you a bouquet of Sonnets for in-
sertion in your next month's Magazine.

This is a flower of *Polian* poetry, which,
in general, has not agreed well with this
climate, but in some hands, by careful cul-
tivation, has come to a considerable degree
of perfection, of which the following are
some of the best specimens I could find.

Yours, &c.

T.

FIRST.

LADY, to you a youth unknown to art,
(Who fondly from himself in thought
would fly.)
Devotes the faith, truth, spirit, con-
stancy,
And firm, yet feeling temper of his heart;
Prov'd strong by trial for life's arduous part,
When shakes the world, and thunders
roll'd on high,
All adamant, it dares the storm defy,
Erect, unconscious of the guilty start.
Not more above fear, envy, low desire,
And all the tenants of the vulgar breast,
Than prone to hail the heaven-resound-
ing lyre,
High worth, and genius of the muse pos-
sessed,
Unshaken and entire...and only found,
Not proof against the shaft, when love di-
rects the wound.

MILTON.

SECOND.

Man lives...but to possess; and if unblest,
His sickly fancy languishes! expires!
But woman clasps chimeras to her breast,
Small aliment her purer flame requires!
She, like the young chameleon, lives on
air,
Content, no grosser sustenance to gain,
Takes every tint from the lov'd object
near,
Clings to her griefs, and glories in her
pain.
Of poorest flow'rs she forms triumphant
wreaths,
Her world contracted to one little space;
Enough for her to breathe the air *he* brea-
thes,
To steal a look, unnotic'd at *his* face!
By happy accident to touch *his* hand,
Bear on her heart a ringlet or a glove,
To sacrifice each wish to his command,
Live but in *them*, and only live to love.

MISS TREFUSIS.

THIRD.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauties'
field,